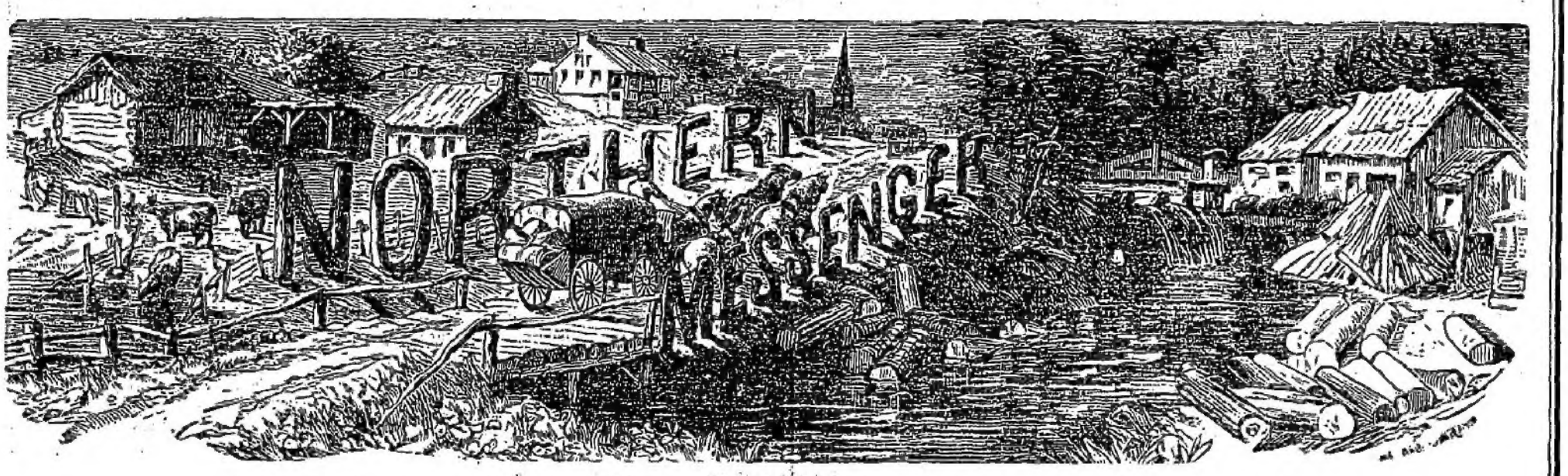

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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A POET-PREACHER.

Bonar is a loved and honored name in Scotland, and the work of the man whose portrait is given herewith, and who is at present travelling in this country, has served to make it loved and honored, not only in Scotland, but wherever the English language is spoken.

Horatius Bonar is descended from an old Scotch family who had large estates in Strathean, in Perthshire. Many of his ancestors were ministers of the Church of Scotland. He received his early education in the High School and University of Edinburgh. In youth he devoted himself to the service of God, and chose the Christian ministry to be his life-work. He was fortunate in having Dr. Chalmers for a teacher. The lessons taught him by that divine were doubly helpful; they laid the foundation of the solid learning which has grown with growing years, and they filled him with the enthusiasm of a master mind consecrated to the highest aims. The value of such a training can hardly be over-estimated. It gave tone and strength to a life, when most susceptible of influence.

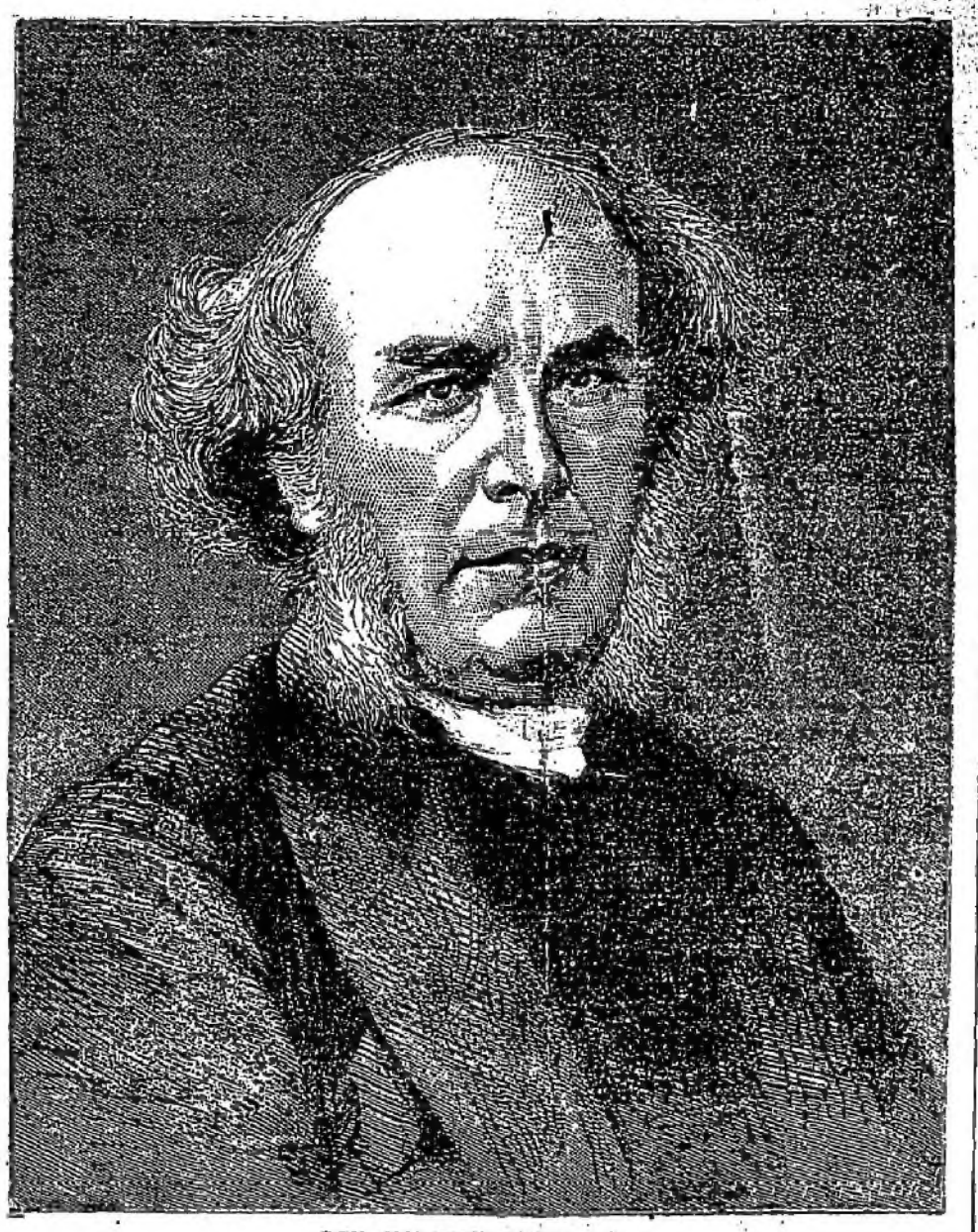
In 1837 the student became a minister. His sphere of labor was the famous old town of Kelso, situated on the banks of the Tweed, and surrounded by a country celebrated in song and tale. He gave himself up to his work with unflagging assiduity. In the pulpit he preached with fire and unction; and in house-to-house visitation he proved himself the comforter of the sorrowful and the guide of the perplexed.

His literary apprenticeship was gained in work, for which he managed to find time in the midst of his pastoral cares, in editing a paper called *The Presbyterian* which in its day did effective service for evangelical truth. Later on and as a supplement to his preaching he wrote "The Kelso Tracts," which had a wide circulation and were eagerly read. A number of volumes, also, have come at different times from his pen.

Dr. Bonar has always been noted for his influence over the young. His Sabbath-school services in Kelso are still remembered with delight. He wrote for each service a hymn, which was sung by the boys and girls. These hymns have since found their way to most Sabbath-schools. Among them were such favorites as "I lay my sins on Jesus." "I was a wandering sheep," "A few more years shall roll." After the singing came a short address, in which the love of Christ was told. These hours among the lambs of the flock were attended with the best results.

When the disruption came, Dr. Bonar cast in his lot with the Free Church. By a happy coincidence some clauses in the title deeds secured the Kelso church to himself and his congregation, and he and his flock were not cast out of the church even while leaving the denomination.

Efforts were repeatedly made, as his reputation grew, to lead him to a larger field of service. Such efforts were unsuccessful, till in 1865, a handsome new church was built in the suburb of Edinburgh called The Grange. He was asked to fill its pulpit, and he consented. Like-minded men and women flocked around him; and for upward of twenty years he has ministered to them. Visitors who might go out of curiosity to see and listen to the sweet singer, were not long in the pew before they forgot the poet in the preacher. A Sabbath at The Grange has become a treasured memory to many tourists.



REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

The poetry of Horatius Bonar is usually thought of as being simply religious. There is a religious tone to it all, and yet some of his pieces show that he is observant of nature, and skilled in depicting natural scenes. In this he resembles Keble more than Watts and Wesley, who rarely take cognizance of the natural world. The following poem called "The Stranger Sea-Bird," will illustrate both qualities in his verse:

"Far from his breezy home of cliff and billow,
Yon sea-bird folds his wing;
Upon the tremulous bough of this stream-shading willow,
He stays his wandering.

"Fanned by fresh leaves, and smoothed by blossoms closing,
His lullaby the stream,
A stranger, in bewildered loneliness reposing,
He dreams his ocean-dream.

"His dream of ocean-haunts, and ocean-brightness,
The rock, the wave, the foam;
The blue above, beneath, the sea-cloud's trail of whiteness,
His unforgotten home.

"And he would fly, but cannot, for the shadows
Of night have barred his way;
How could he search a path across these woods and meadows
To his far sea-home's spray?

"Dark miles of thicket, and moorland dreary,
Forbid his hopeless flight;
With plumage soiled, eye dim, heart faint, and wing all weary,
He waits for sun and light.

"And I, in this far land, a timid stranger,
Resting by Time's lone stream,
Lie dreaming hour by hour, beset with night and danger,
The Church's Patmos dream:—

"The dream of home possessed, and all home's gladness
Beyond these unknown hills:
Of solace, after earth's sore days of stranger-sadness,
Beside the eternal rills.

"Life's exile past, all told its broken story;
Night, death, and evil gone;
This more than Egypt-shame exchanged for Canaan glory,
And the bright city won!

"Come then, O Christ! earth's Monarch and Redeemer,
Thy glorious Eden bring,
Where I, even I, at last, no more a trembling dreamer,
Shall fold my heavy wing."

—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

ORCHID.*

My name is Orchid. I am twenty-eight years old, and have been a Christian one year. My home is at White Pagoda, and I have lived there with my mother-in-law ever since I was two months old. My father was a farmer, and could have taken care of me; but shortly after my birth a blind fortune-teller came along and told my mother that my brother, who was two years older than I, would die unless I was removed from the family. Blind fortune-tellers are to be found everywhere. They travel about, led by a child that can see, beating a little gong to let people know they are passing. Those who wish to consult the fortune-teller call him to their door, tell him the year, month, day, and hour of their birth, and he makes a calculation of times, and tells them what is going to happen. Those who are sick, ask him when they will get well; those who have absent relatives inquire when letters or money will come from abroad; those who are going on a journey seek a lucky day for starting; and those who wish to know what is going to happen to their children, call him to predict their fates. He gives a few words of advice to the person concerned, is paid three-tenths of a halfpenny for his services, and goes on his way.

It was in this way that my parents learned that they ought to part with me. They were very sorry to have me go, but as a boy is of so much greater value than a girl, they

* From "Pagoda Shadows," an admirable collection of "Studies from life in China." T. Smith, 14 Paternoster square. 2s. 6d.

would not risk my brother's life by keeping me. They gave me to an acquaintance at White Pagoda, who had just lost a young child, and she brought me up as the future wife of her youngest son, then five years old. As such very little girls are worth nothing, and as the bargain must be closed by money, she paid my mother one penny for me, and I became hers. She had had twelve children in all, but my husband was the only survivor. Her husband smoked opium, and spent the money his children earned, so that one of his sons had hanged himself in despair.

My mother-in-law always gave me the best she had, but that was not much. I grew strong and large, and when I was eight years old I could cook, spin, plant rice, and help to turn the pump with which the rice-field was watered. When I was fifteen, on a day chosen as lucky, I had the god of the bedstead set up in a room of my own, and lived with my husband. After some years I had two sons. My father-in-law died; and then we found that the land on which our house was built belonged to someone else. The owner tore it down and made a rice-drying place where it stood. We then mortgaged our only field for eight pounds, and with this money built two houses, which fell down soon after in a season of heavy rain.

Three years ago, a man in our village became a Christian; soon after that two Bible-women came to stop at his house. My mother-in-law and I used to take the children in the evening and go to hear them talk. My husband heard too, and we all believed at the same time. My mother-in-law went one Sunday morning five miles to Linden Chapel, and when she came back at night she went straight to the god of the bedstead, and taking it out of doors threw it away. Afterward the Bible woman named Love came to the house, and after engaging in prayer took down the only other idol in the house, the one we had inherited from our ancestors, and put it with its fixtures in a basket, which my mother-in-law carried and threw into the river.

When my own father and mother heard that I had become a Christian, they were very much distressed; my mother cried, and my father could not eat for four days. My aunt came to tell me how displeased they were, and that they wished me to put away this new religion, but I told her to say that anything else they might ask of me I could do, but that this religion was something that could not be put away.

Last year my husband, finding the times hard, and hoping to earn something abroad, went to Manilla. Before he went, he did not call a fortune-teller to find a lucky day, and did not go to the temple to get a bag of incense ashes to wear as a charm on his breast, as he would have done had he not been a Christian; but we knelt down, with the children, and asked God to take care of us while he was gone, and bless him while away, and bring him safely back.

Last month my eldest son, eleven years old, was baptized. I did not know it beforehand, though four months' previously he had told me he wished to join the church. He did not tell me, because he was afraid the brethren would not receive him. I was surprised, and thanked God, when I saw him at the place of baptism.

My youngest son is five years old, and my mother-in-law takes care of him while I am away from home. We have a house of one room, which is mortgaged for two pounds. My husband lately sent home two pounds; but it was all used in paying my father-in-law's debts.

I have been sorrowful from my childhood up. I have never known a time when I had not reason for great anxiety. But during the past year, though my earthly circumstances remain the same, I have been almost happy. I know that there is a Saviour and a heaven, and that has taken away seven-tenths of the weight of my troubles.

THE RISK.

Every intoxicant has in it this characteristic—it never satisfies the drinker, but awakens a constant demand for more. A small glass whets the appetite for a larger glass; one drink creates a craving for a second. This is not the case with any wholesome beverage or food. Beef and bread do not breed excess. I began to drink milk as soon as I got my eyes open, and I still put my eyes to sleep every night by a good bowl of bread and milk; but I do not find that one bowl creates a raging appetite for two or three more bowls. A healthful beverage satisfies a healthful appetite; a hurtful beverage like wine or ale or brandy kindles a morbid appetite which tends toward an uncontrollable frenzy. The more alcohol there is in the drink the more fierce is the frenzy.

This quality of alcoholic drinks is no respecter of persons. It will make a fool or a brute of a Christian (if he tampers with it) just as soon as of a reprobate. One of the most eloquent ministers of New Jersey delivered some of his most eloquent discourses under the stimulation of wine. He imagined that "he could preach better" for the stimulant. But before he was aware he staggered in his pulpit and was cited before a church court for drunkenness! In agony of soul he confessed to his brother ministers that nobody was so astonished at the discovery that he had become an inebriate as he was himself. He had been playing with a serpent; he began to do it with a good motive; but the serpent stung him just as soon as if he had been the most graceless blackguard. I venture to assert that there is not a human being on the face of God's earth who can habitually use intoxicating drinks and yet be perfectly safe. There is not a specific promise of God's protection of any Christian who tampers with alcohol—whether in a wine glass or a whiskey bottle. We do not affirm that every wine drinker becomes a sot, but we do affirm that every wine drinker runs a risk of becoming one. —*Dr. Theo. Cuyler.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARY.

A Sunday school superintendent in *The Quiver*, thus writes of the influence of the library and importance of its being properly conducted: "Of necessity, the time during which scholars are under the direct control and influence of their Sunday-school teachers is short, and that time is, or ought to be, devoted to the work of instruction in Bible truths. All the rest of the week, even with those teachers who show the greatest amount of personal interest in them, they are subject to impressions which are often detrimental rather than helpful to their character. Hence, it is most important that some link should be found by means of which the scholars can be kept in unison with their school influences, and by means of which, also, some at least of the corrupting surroundings of the poorer children can be counteracted. The visits of the teacher will provide this link to a limited extent, but to a limited extent only, for it is neither possible nor advisable that teachers should make too constant visits to the homes of their scholars. The objections, however, which would obtain against such continual supervision cannot be urged against a book from the Sunday school. On the other hand it has—apart from its inherent value, whatever that may be—a distinct power and influence by the mere fact that it belongs to the Sunday school. It has that power, too, not only on the mind of the scholar who has brought it, but upon all the family, for every one of them is reminded, every time they see it, of the place whence it came, and by a natural, an inevitable, train of thought, of the work which is carried on there and of the day with which that work is associated. The importance of this is not always realized, and hence we find many schools which have no libraries, or which have them so poorly and carelessly stocked that their shelves offer no temptation to the majority of scholars.

"Looked at in this light the immense importance of care and judgment in the selection and management of the school library becomes patent, as does also the responsibility resting upon those who have the management of it, to see that the facilities they provide are in the cause of good. Much depends upon the man who is to carry on the work. More, far more, depends on ever bearing in mind the fact that the library is the connecting-link between the Sunday school life and the week day life, and on seeing that the contents of the books, while as bright and attractive and joy-giving as the religion of childhood, are in thorough keeping with the memories that the sight of them calls up."

The soul shall have society of its own rank;
Be great, be true, and all the Scipios,
The Catos, the wise patriots of Rome,
Shall flock to you and tarry by your side,
And comfort you with their high company.
—*Emerson.*

ACCORDING to the *St. James's Gazette*, "The anti tobacco people ought to have their attentions called to the fact that 'tobacco-blindness' is becoming quite a common affliction. At present there are several persons being treated for it at one London hospital. It first takes the form of "color-blindness;" the sufferers who have smoked themselves into this condition being quite unable to distinguish the color of a piece of red cloth held up before them. That is the popular medical test, though there is also a more scientific one. Eventually the victim to 'tobacco blindness' sometimes loses his eyesight altogether. Although smoking is to a large extent the cause of the malady, and so gives it its name, heavy drinking is also partly responsible. Unless the smoking and drinking go together, the 'tobacco-blindness' is not serious. A proof of this is, that if a doctor has a case of it in hand, he always insists on abstinence, when, as a rule, the sufferer gradually regains his sight." —*Alliance News.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 27.

JESUS AND THE SABBATH.—MATT. 12. 1-14.

COMMIT VERSES 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days.—Matt. 12: 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Sabbath was made for man, the whole man, and all men.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 12: 1-14.
T. Mark 2: 23-28; 3: 1-6.
W. Luke 5: 33-39.
Th. Luke 6: 1-11.
F. John 5: 1-18.
Sa. 1 Sam. 21: 1-6.
Su. Isa 58: 1-14.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 2: 23-28; Luke 6: 1-11.

INTRODUCTION.—This incident took place probably in the order of Luke, but it was during the same summer as our last lesson. It shows that the new religion was gaining ground, since it aroused such bitter opposition.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. JESUS WENT ON THE SABBATH DAY—probably to or from the synagogue. THROUGH THE CORN—fields of grain (not Indian corn). The fields were unfenced and the path led through them. PLUCK THE EARS—this was allowable by law. The Pharisees complained only because it was on the Sabbath. 2. NOT LAWFUL—broke their Sabbath traditions, because they said that it was a kind of reaping, and therefore work which was forbidden. 3. WHAT DAVID DID (1 Sam. 21: 1-6)—he was their hero and example. 5. THE PRIESTS IN THE TEMPLE PROFANE THE SABBATH—do what would be Sabbath-breaking, if a higher duty did not compel them to do it. Their work enabled others to keep the Sabbath religiously, and therefore really kept the Sabbath. 6. ONE GREATER THAN THE TEMPLE—for whose worship the temple was built; the Son of God, and therefore with authority over his own temples. Therefore, if it was right for the temple attendants to work on the Sabbath, how much more for him who was greater than the temple. 7. I WILL HAVE MERCY AND NOT SACRIFICE—obedience, kind deeds, are better than any mere forms of religion. 10. A MAN WHICH HAD HIS HAND WITHERED—shrunken by disease or accident, and incurable. THAT THEY MIGHT ACCUSE HIM—Jesus himself did not pluck the grain, nor did he do anything to the man, but cured him by a word, so that the Pharisees had no accusation they could bring against his conduct.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did the events of to-day's lesson occur? At what season of the year?

SUBJECT: THE RIGHT USE OF THE SABBATH.

I. A QUESTION ABOUT KEEPING THE SABBATH (vs. 1, 2).—What took place one Sabbath? What were cornfields? Was it right for the disciples to pluck and eat the grain? (Deut. 23: 25.) Did Jesus do this, as well as the disciples? With what did the Pharisees find fault? Did the disciples break the fourth commandment? What can you tell about the Pharisees' way of keeping the Sabbath?

How did this overlaying of the fourth commandment with so many rules and regulations destroy the very spirit of the Sabbath?

II. JESUS' ANSWER TO THE QUESTION (vs. 3-8).—Point out the three arguments by which Jesus answered the Pharisees' question. Relate the story referred to in vs. 3, 4. (1 Sam. 21: 1-6.) What was Christ's argument? What was his argument in vs. 5, 6? How was Jesus greater than the temple? What is the meaning of "I will have mercy and not sacrifice"? Where is it found? (Hos 6: 6.) What was Jesus' argument in this quotation? What idea do you get from these verses as to the true principle of keeping the Sabbath? What does he say in Mark 2: 27, 28? Did Jesus abolish the Sabbath, or confirm it? How is the Sabbath good for man's body? For his mind? For his soul? If we make a pleasure-day of the Sabbath, are we using it for the whole man? What keeping of the Sabbath is best for man? Show that the Sabbath was made for all men. (Exod. 20: 10.) Have we a right to so use the Sabbath as to deprive others of its benefit? What things would these two principles—the Sabbath for the whole man, and, the Sabbath for all men—prevent us from doing on the Sabbath? What things would they lead us to do?

III. JESUS' EXAMPLE AS TO THE RIGHT WAY TO USE THE SABBATH (vs. 9-14).—What example of his idea of Sabbath-keeping did Jesus give? Who came to the synagogue? What question did the Pharisees ask Jesus? By what illustration did Jesus reply? What does he say it is right to do on the Sabbath? What things is it right for us to do on the Sabbath? How did Jesus prove that he had authority to teach the truth about the Sabbath?

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 4.

PARABLE OF THE SOWER.—MATT. 13: 1-9.

COMMIT VERSES 3-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The seed is the word of God.—Luke 8: 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should receive the good seed of God's Word in honest and good hearts, and bring forth fruit with patience.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 13: 1-23.
T. Mark 4: 1-20.
W. Luke 8: 4-18.
Th. Ps. 126: 1-6.
F. 1 Tim. 6: 6-21.
Sa. Gal. 5: 1-16.
Su. Gal. 5: 16-26.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 4: 1-9; Luke 8: 4-8.

INTERPRETATION OF THE PARABLE.—Matt. 13: 18-23; Mark 4: 13-20; Luke 8: 9-15.

INTRODUCTION.—Jesus was teaching in a house, in Capernaum probably, and was discussing with the Pharisees when his mother and brethren called for him, thinking he must be out of his mind. That same day Jesus went out to the seashore, where he taught the multitude.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. THE SAME DAY—as noted in Introduction. SEA SIDE—Sea of Galilee. 2. GREAT MULTITUDES—literally, the greatest. It was the turning-point in his public teaching. Instruction by parables is now first given by him. A SHIP—a fishing boat. IN PARABLES—as the form best adapted to instruct those who would heed the truth, and to conceal it from those who would misuse it, and who were plotting against his life. WENT FORTH—from the village like those in which the farmers of the East lived. 4. WAY SIDE—in the trodden footpath through the fields. The fields are not fenced or hedged. 5. STONY PLACES—where the rock was barely covered by the earth. 7. AMONG THORNS—among the roots of the thorns, which had been burned down according to Oriental custom, and which grew up quickly, strangling the good seed. 8. SOME A HUNDREDFOLD—not an uncommon return.

THE SOWER was (1) Christ, (2) the Apostles, (3) all who preach or teach the truth. The GOOD SEED is the Word of God. The WAYSIDE HEARERS are those whose hearts are hardened by neglect and sin so that the truth makes no impression, and the wicked one, represented by the fowls, plucks away the good seed. The STONY GROUND HEARERS are those who are easily moved by excitement, by hopes of worldly good, but in whose conscience and deeper choices and character the truth does not take root. The THORNY GROUND HEARERS are those in whom the good seed is choked by the deceitfulness of riches, by cares and pleasures of the world.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY (vs. 1, 2).—Where was the series of parables in this chapter spoken? At what season of the year? What is said of the hearers? From what place did Jesus speak? Why? What is a parable?

Why did Jesus speak in parables? (Vs. 10-15.) Would this plan gain a better hearing among the people? Whose fault was it that the people would not understand? How did this teaching help the disciples? What was Christ's desire for them all? (Ezek. 18: 30-32; 33: 11; Eph. 5: 14; John 3: 16.)

SUBJECT: VARIOUS WAYS OF TREATING GOD'S WORD.

I. THE SOWER AND THE SEED (v. 3).—Have you read the parallel accounts? Do you suppose Christ could have seen any sower at that season? Describe the fields in which the sowing was done. Why did he go forth? Who is the great Sower of good seed? Who else should be sowers? (Eccl. 11: 6; Ps. 126: 5.) What is the good seed? (Luke 8: 11.) In what respects is it like seed?

II. THE GOOD SEED BY THE WAYSIDE (v. 4).—What is meant by the wayside? How could seed get there? Who are represented as receiving the seed by the wayside? (v. 19.) Who by the birds of the air devouring the good seed? How does Satan take away the good seed from men's hearts? Give some examples of wayside hearers. (Ex. 5: 2; Acts 24: 25; 26: 28.)

III. GOOD SEED ON STONY GROUND (vs. 5, 6).—What is meant by stony ground? Why would the seed here spring up unusually quick? Why would it wither as quickly? Who are represented by such soil? (Vs. 20, 21.) Why do they fall back so soon? How can we tell whether we are real Christians or not? (Rom. 2: 7; Col. 1: 23; Rev. 2: 10, 26.) Give some examples of stony ground hearers. (1 Sam. 19: 23, and 28; 16-19; Hos. 13: 1-3; Gal. 5: 7.)

IV. GOOD SEED AMONG THORNS (v. 7).—How could good seed fall among thorns? In what ways do thorns choke the good seed? What is represented by the thorns? (Verse 22; Mark 4: 19.) How do these things interfere with our religious growth? Are they wrong in themselves? What should we do with them? (Matt. 6: 25.) Give some examples of thorny ground hearers. (2 Pet. 2: 15; Matt. 27: 3, 4; Acts 5: 1, 2.)

V. THE GOOD SEED IN GOOD SOIL (vs. 8, 9).—What is meant by good ground? (Luke 8: 15.) What was the usual yield of grain in Palestine? What makes the difference in the fruitfulness of Christians? What fruit does Christ want us to bear? How can we bear much fruit? (John 15: 5.) Are we sure of a good fruit if we sow good seed? (Ps. 126: 5.)

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CLEVER DOGS.

Most children love dogs very much, and like to hear stories about them, so here are some which are really quite true, and which I am sure our readers will enjoy.

Once upon a time, not very long ago, a gentleman lost his dog in Piccadilly. There was such a hubbub of carriages and carts and horses and people that his whistle could not be heard, and so at last he turned sadly away and went home alone.

As he lived a little way out of London he thought there was no chance of Scotty finding his way home, especially as he always went to town by train and travelled many miles every week in *Hansom* cabs.

In about two hours a cab drove up to the door, and out jumped the dear old collie dog. The cabman rang the bell, and the gentleman went out and inquired where he had found his pet.

"Oh, sir," said the cabman, "I didn't find him, he found me! I was waiting in Piccadilly, looking out for a fare, when in jumps the dog. I thought it was very impudent of him, so I shouted to him to get out. Then I got down and shook my whip at him, and tried to pull him out, but never a bit did he care. He just sat still and barked, as much as to say, 'Drive on, please.'

"I took hold of him by the collar to lift him out, and then I saw your name and address, so I thought I'd just drive him home He seemed quite happy then, and I shut the doors, and he stood up on the seat looking out as gravely as a judge till we came to your house, and then he jumped out sharp."

You may suppose the gentleman gave the kind cabman a good reward and loved his clever dog more than ever.

The dog we have been telling you about was able to help himself. But here are some true stories of dogs that took pleasure in helping people.

Perhaps you may have heard of a dog named Jack, belonging to the Brighton and South Coast Railway, who spends his whole time travelling from place to place in the most regular and systematic fashion. He always sleeps at Lewes, leaves by an early train for Brighton, visits various stations on the Portsmouth line, and returns to catch the last train back to Lewes, sitting mostly in the guard's van, and looking out of the window all the way.

How we wish he could tell us what he is thinking about! Then perhaps we should know in what the charm consists and why he takes these self-chosen journeys. I rather believe that Jack considers it in some way his duty, and if so, most faithfully does he fulfil it. Not long ago poor Jack got his leg broken; he was crossing the line and was knocked down by an engine. But the greatest care was taken of him by his many friends, and though the leg had to be taken off he is able to make his journeys on three legs as punctually as he used to do upon four. He must be persevering.

The dog I wish now to describe to you is a Scotch collie, and he belonged in his youth to a gentleman in Roxburgshire. I suppose his work at that time was simply to look after the sheep, as his father had done before him. But another and higher mission he is now called to perform.

Some time since, Mr. John Climpson, the guard of the night boat-train on the Brighton and South Coast railway, had conceived the idea of training a dog to beg funds for the fatherless children of railway servants. After making unsuccessful trials with several dogs, "Help" was presented to him. His master spoke of him as the gentlest and most intelligent of creatures, exceedingly fond of children and so most suitable to fulfil the task Mr. Climpson had in view, if Help could only know it.

It would almost seem as if he did know it. At any rate, never was there a more successful collector. Hanging from the collar round his neck was a brass plate with this inscription, "I am Help, the railway dog of England, and travelling agent for the orphans of railway men who are killed on duty. My office is at 306, City Road, London, where subscriptions will be thankfully received." But of course Help carries a box, where donations may be received on the spot, and I can assure you he gets them. He passes about from train to train, so that during the past two years he has visited a number of our principal towns and has twice crossed the channel to Dieppe. By the last French expedition he gained about £12, and altogether Help collects about £100 a year for the railway orphan fund.

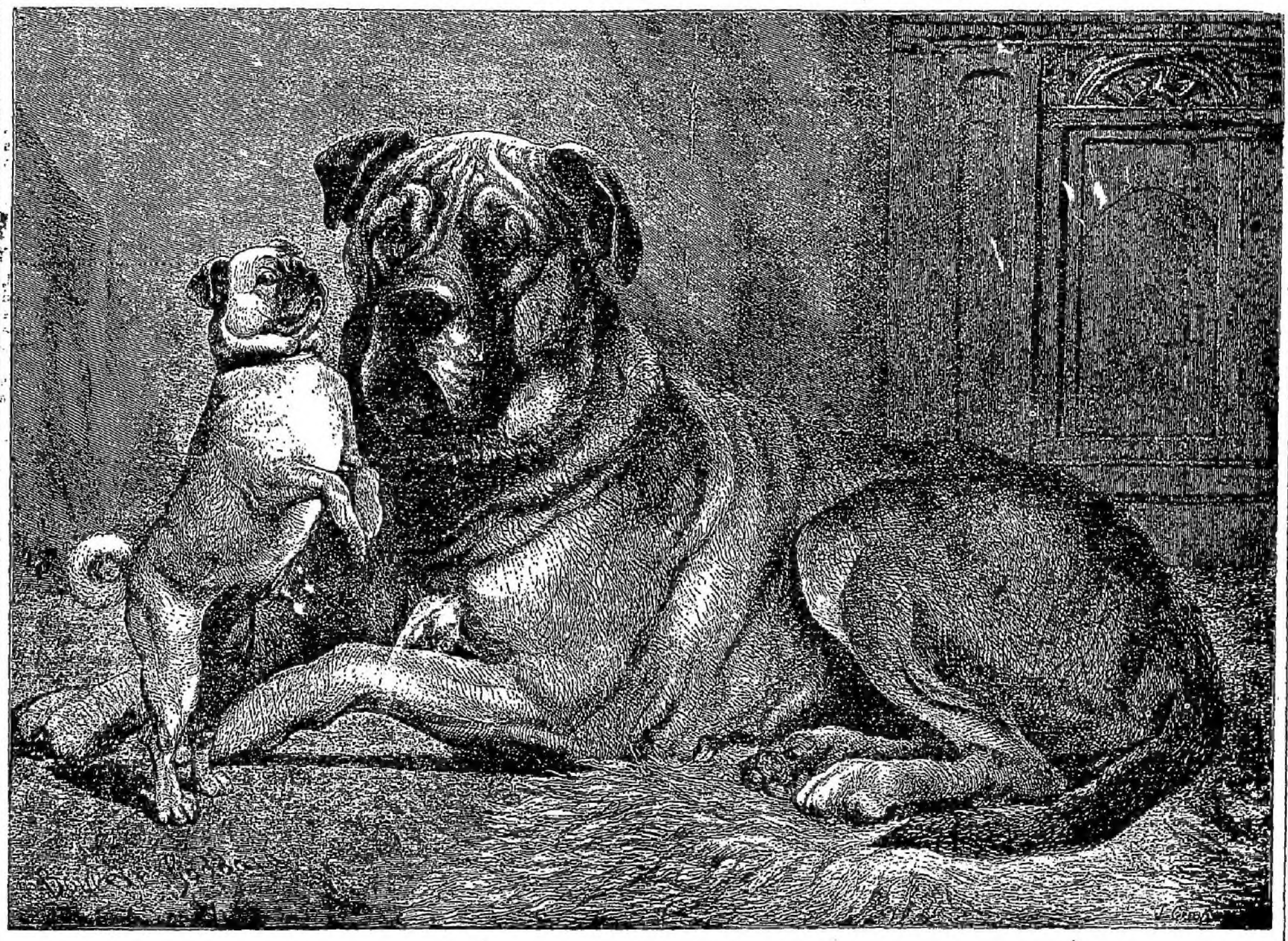
Help is very knowing, and is said never to beg of any but well-dressed people. I am glad to hear he is not a bit set up or conceited, but he keeps his own simple ways, and eats his plain dinner or gnaws his bone just as he did long ago when he kept the sheep upon the Scotch hills. No, he is never proud of his good deeds. I am not quite sure whether to believe it, but the account I read of him says he actually smiles when a half crown is dropped into his box. At any rate, he is a wonderful dog, and a good dog, and I trust we may all do our duty as faithfully and punctually as Help is doing his.

"Brake" is a retriever, and as a puppy was very intelligent and always exceedingly partial to children. He once got a piece of glass in his paw and became very lame. One day a mischievous boy caught hold of its foot and dragged it about violently, when the dog, being in great pain, snapped at the boy, but did not bite him. A complaint was made that the dog was vicious, and it was ordered to be destroyed. With this intention it was taken to the waterside, where a great stone was tied to its neck and it was thrown overboard into the water, when the rope to which the stone was attached broke, and the dog swam ashore. It was again taken to the waterside with the intention of being effectually drowned. On its way there a kind-hearted gentleman, Mr. Curtiss saw it being led by a string, and, having inquired into the particulars, offered to take it with him, in a steamer leaving that night, to the Isle of Wight. It was given to him and he took it on board.

While on the passage the dog showed most remarkable intelligence, especially in mounting the bows of the vessel and staying as if it had been warned to look out This attracted the notice of the sailors. Ultimately it became a frequent passenger in the boats, and as day by day it crossed the water the sailors became more and more attached to it. Cases of distress arising through sickness and death among some of those who formed the crews of the vessels, and funds being needed to relieve them, a brass collar and a brass box were made for the dog and placed on his neck, which the latter took a delight in wearing. It would go round the vessel and beg, sitting up in front of passengers and standing on its hind-legs; it would lie down, take a pipe in its mouth, wear a sailor's cap, and hold a paper in its paws. It would get up on a chair and gravely sit as one of the company at a table, holding its pipe in its mouth and wearing a cap.

In fact, through kind teaching of the sailors, it became so attached to those who had saved it that it appeared to understand all they said and only too desirous to do what it could to gratify their wishes. When Mr. Curtiss went to his room, after business, the dog would bring his slippers to him. In the morning the dog would get Mr Curtiss' cap and then wait patiently for his going out.

Mrs. Curtiss became attached to the dog, and since she has taken him out with her he has collected nearly £50, which has been distributed to widows, orphans, and sick and disabled persons. Brake disdains to beg of poor people, and importunes only well dressed travellers.—*Child's Companion*



COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS.

THE STORY OF THE TELEPHONE.

The inventor of Bell's Telephone, when I first knew him in 1872, was a tall, slim young Scotchman, giving evidence of his descent from a scholarly family. Although he was not fragile, in the American sense of the word, he was narrow-chested, and his father, Prof. Alexander Melville Bell, had removed from London, England, to Ontario, Canada, solely on account of his anxiety about the health of this, his only surviving son, all the others having perished, on reaching manhood, from lung diseases.

From Canada, Prof. Alexander Graham Bell came over to the United States, by invitation, to teach his father's system of "visible speech" to the instructors of the deaf and dumb in various articulation schools.

Coming of a family which numbered numerous scientific men and some inventors already among its members, it was no wonder that his mind had an inventive turn. Experiments in connection with the transmission of sound had interested him before he came to the United States, and daily occurrences in the school-room now kept his mind upon that subject. Perhaps I knew that he was working on some sort of a machine; and, once in a while, we two deaf pupils were still made the subjects of experiments. But, whatever he had in his mind, he was very anxious to keep it secret; and as the invention progressed he became quite excited, because he had no place where he could work in private; he could not even lock it up. It must be remembered that he was then only a young teacher, almost a stranger, and almost friendless in Boston. He was dependent entirely on the proceeds of tuition, and had no money to spare for experiments. One afternoon I met him in a second-hand furniture store, and he explained that he was looking for a small inexpensive stand or table, on which to place his precious invention, so that he could work at it with more ease. The next day I saw the unfinished machine on a small stand in his reception room. It had a cloth thrown over it. But soon he saw it would not do to leave it in that exposed position; for, although he thought no one but himself could divine what he was doing, still, some one who could understand the principle of his invention might call in his absence, and in an idle moment investigate it; and in some way his idea might be stolen from him before he could perfect and patent it. So, one day coming in, I saw the top of the table covered with a case like that of a sewing-machine. It was secured with a lock; and after that, he always kept the cover on and locked when he wasn't at work. His experiments upon this machine after the idea was first started in the winter of 1872-'73 extended into the next summer, and were still going on when I left Boston, which was late in the summer of 1873. Sometimes he would appear to be baffled, and lay the invention aside for a time. Then again he would have spells of working on it, when he would work on it all night, and perhaps for several nights running, if one might judge from his fatigued appearance. He spoke to me occasionally of what he was doing, but always in a mysterious manner. I had the impression that this invention was one for the transmission of sound, and was in some way connected with telegraphy, upon which it was to be an improvement. I think it was about one year after this that the telephone was first publicly mentioned.

Professor Bell then began to bring it before the public. He, however, required capital, and he had none. And the manner in which Bell's telephone became a success was due to circumstances quite outside of scientific considerations and its own merits.

Gardner Green Hubbard, of Cambridge, Mass., published in 1867, a pamphlet entitled: "The Education of Deaf Mutes; Shall it be by signs or by articulation?" He had personal cause to be greatly interested in such things.

At the time Prof. Alexander Graham Bell came to the United States to teach his father's system of "Visible Speech," little Mabel Hubbard was studying articulation and lip-reading in Germany. She did not, however, succeed in acquiring a natural manner of speaking, and Mr. Hubbard, later on, when Mr. Bell came to reside in Boston, engaged him to give lessons to Miss Mabel, then grown into an exceedingly pretty girl of fifteen.

How it came about is best known to the parties interested. Certain it is that after some months, Professor Bell abdicated his position as teacher to Miss Hubbard, in favor of one of the ladies to whom he had taught his system. "I cannot teach her any longer," he said. Not that his knowledge was at fault, but that he found she might teach him something hitherto unknown. But the mischief was already done. He might stay away from her father's house, but all the same he was in love with his pretty pupil. And she, unwittingly, teaching him, had also learned the lesson herself. Her parents soon came to know of the state of affairs, and at first they disapproved; but their daughter's happiness was dearer to them than all else, and, in the course of a year or so, all obstacles were smoothed over, the engagement was announced, and a brilliant wedding took place. Professor Bell might now well be called the favorite of fortune. He had secured the woman he loved, and who loved him, and who was young, fair and amiable; and in securing her, he had secured a splendid business man for his father-in-law and partner; a man who to his natural energy and astuteness united, also, the capital necessary to bring the great invention before the world, and who had now every incentive to push things. From this time on the telephone was a success. Bell and Hubbard, or rather Hubbard, organized a great monopoly. They soon counted their millions, and the tree of their prosperity grew and spread, and overshadowed the family of each, till quite a colony of Bells and Hubbards sprang up in Washington, that paradise of the holders of patents. The inventor and the owners of the Bell Telephone have had to fight many battles with envious rivals, and so far have come out of them all victorious. The toughest struggle was with the Drawbaugh people, and that has passed through every court except the Supreme Court, where it has yet to be tried.
—*Condensed from article in Independent.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The following, which first appeared in a Detroit paper, is one of the most touching incidents to be met with. If true, it was a very remarkable case, and if merely imaginative, it is very suggestive:

There is a family in this city who are dependent at this moment upon a little child for all the present sunshine of their lives.

A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die.

It was so sudden, so dreadful, when the grave family physician called them together in the parlor and in his solemn professional way intimated to them the truth—there was no hope.

Then the question arose among them, who would tell her.

Not the doctor! It would be cruel to let the man of science go to their dear one on such an errand.

Not the aged mother, who was to be left childless and alone!

Nor the young husband, who was walking the floor with clinched hands and rebellious heart.

Not—there was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with unnoticed by them all, and asked gravely:

"Is my mamma doin' to die?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped from the room and upstairs as fast as his little feet would carry him.

Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his small head on his mother's pillow.

"Mamma," he asked, in sweet, caressing tones, "is you 'fraid to die?"

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

"Who—told—you—Charlie?" she asked faintly.

"Doctor an' papa an' gamma—everybody," he whispered. "Mamma, dear 'ittie mamma, doan't be 'fraid to die, 'ill you?"

"No, Charlie," said the young mother after one supreme pang of grief; "no, mamma won't be afraid!"

"Jus' shut your eyes in 'e dark, mamma; teep hold my hand—an', 'an when you open 'em, mamma, it'll be all light there."

When the family gathered awe-stricken at the bed-side, Charlie held up his little hand.

"Hu-s-h! My mamma doan' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more!"

And so it proved. There was no heart-rending farewell, no agony of parting, for when the young mother woke she had passed beyond; and as baby Charlie said, "It was all light there!"—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

THE FAITHFUL BASKET-MAKER.

Li-Shing-Hap joined the church at Chik Hom in July, 1882. He was a basket-maker, in middle life, who had a shop opposite the chapel, where he quietly worked at his trade. He thus had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the gospel, and became convinced that idolatry was wrong. In the beginning of 1882 he ceased to worship idols and took down those in his shop. In April he applied for baptism, and his examination was satisfactory with one exception. He said he would need to sell baskets on Sunday when that occurred on a market day. This would happen once in thirty-five days. If men came ten or twelve miles to market and he refused to sell them baskets when they wanted them, he would lose his customers and have no way of making a living. He was told that in regard to Sabbath-keeping the Bible made no exception in favor of market days, and was asked to consider the matter carefully. Three months later he came, saying that he was prepared to cease from work and keep the Sabbath always, a promise which he faithfully kept.

During that storm of bitter hostility which burst upon the churches in Canton and the region round about, in September, 1884, when eighteen chapels were pillaged or torn down in as many days, the Chik Hom chapel suffered with the rest, and the shop of this well-known Christian man was robbed of all that it contained. He was seized, taken to the river and put into a boat, threatened and ordered to pay money for his release. He refused, saying that he had done nothing wrong. His brother on the shore, not a Christian, was much frightened, and paid $20 for his release. He turned to his native village, many miles away. The next time I held communion with the members of the Chik Hom church he was in his place as usual, but, what is very unusual for a Chinaman who has suffered loss, he said not one word to me about his suffering or his loss. I learned it all from inquiring of others.

Two years and a half have passed away since then, and Mr White, who has just returned from a visit to some country stations, reports that he went to this man's native village, where he found him working at his trade, but that he had also a good room in his house, where, in the evenings and as occasion offers, he has been endeavoring to teach the villagers what he can of the gospel, availing himself of the services of any preacher or colporteur who may come that way. His wife and children have been baptised, and at his request Mr. White arranged to start a Christian school in this room in his house, which he is glad to give for that purpose.—*The Church at Home and Abroad.*

FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS.

A boy is something like a piece of iron, which in its rough state isn't worth much, nor is it very much use; but the more processes it is put through the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth $5 in its natural state is worth $12 when it is made into horse-shoes; and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles, its value is increased to $340. Made into penknife blades it would be worth $3,000, and into balance springs for watches $250,000.

Just think of that, boys, a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material! But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing; and so if you are to become useful and educated men you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half as much to be made into horse-shoes, as it does to be converted into delicate watch springs. But think how much less valuable it is. Which would you rather be, horse-shoes or watch-springs? It depends on yourselves. You can become whichever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood. Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time without any intervals for fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I would be very sorry to have you grow old before your time; but you have ample opportunity for study and play too.—*Selected.*

Question Corner.—No. 20.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. A prophet tore the robe of a mighty man in twelve pieces, what was the import of this action?
2. Who plundered the temple, and took away the shields of gold?

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

1. She belonged to one of the nations that bordered upon Canaan.
2. She married an Israelite who came to stay in her country.
3. After his death she was very kind to his mother.
4. She worked for her after they went back to the land of Judah.
5. She afterwards married one of her late husband's relations.
6. The Lord Jesus was one of her descendants.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN LAST NUMBER.

1. David. 2 Sam. 15: 14.
2. Because he had been a man of blood and God wished his house to be built by a man of peace. 1 Chron. 22: 8, 9.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—Sabbatical year.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from H. E. Greene.

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